Once more the rubi-colourd portall opend,
Which to his ſpeech did honie paſſage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,
Wracke to the ſea-man, tempeſt to the field:
Sorow to ſhepheards, wo vnto the birds,
Guſts, & fowle flawes to heardmen & to heards.

This ill preſage aduiſedly ſhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is huſht before it raineth:
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it ſtaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:
His meaning ſtrucke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke ſhe flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth,
A ſmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleſſed bankrout that by loue ſo thriueth.
The ſillie boy beleeuing ſhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For ſharply he did thinke to reprehend her,
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can ſo well defend her:
For on the graſſe ſhe lyes as ſhe were ſlaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He

He wrings her noſe, he ſtrikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulſes hard,
He chafes her lips, a thouſand wayes he ſeekes
To mend the hurt, that his vnkindneſſe mard,
He kiſſes her, and ſhe by her good will,
Will neuer riſe, ſo he will kiſſe her ſtill.

The night of ſorow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly ſhe vpheaueth,
Like the faire ſunne when in his freſh array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the world relieueth:
And as the bright ſunne glorifies the skie:
So is her face illumind with her eye.

Whoſe beames vpon his hairleſſe face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their ſhine,
Were neuer foure ſuch lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded with his browes repine:
But hers, ẅ through the criſtall tears gaue light,
Shone like the Moone in water ſeene by night.

O where am I (quoth ſhe) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen?
Do I delight to die, or life deſire?
But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
But now I dy'd, and death was liuely ioy.